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CORK CONVENT.

The plate with which the present number of the "Expositor" is ornamented, representing a convent near Cork, in Ireland, has given rise to the lines which follow: we have no doubt that the scene is familiar to many of our readers—and, therefore, the more acceptable.

Lines.

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

I.

UPON a wild and lonely moor
With rugged mountains girt around,
The Convent's humble roof is seen—
A solitude profound!

II.

One ancient remnant of the Wood—
Which towered here, in days of old,
A blasted oak—its sear trunk rears,
Striped of its branches bold.

III.

Hard by that withered tree, a cross
Of stone, from out the rough rock hewn,
Hangs bending down, as if with years,
With thick moss overgrown.

IV.

Upon a rude and time-worn slab,
Beneath that black and crumbling trunk
Sat, wrapt in contemplation deep,
A venerable monk.

V.

For many a year, his home had been
Amid the solitary heath—
Wailing the guilt of sinful men—
Anticipating death.

VI.

Thrice happy he—that godly monk—
His is the peace Religion gives:
Aloof from all the worldly broils,
Mid which the sinner grieves.

VII.

He tells his beads—he prays his prayer—
And here sojourns—but for a while:
For, having run his goodly race,
He'll rest in Heaven's own smile!

SOIREES OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE COUNT DE MAISTRE.

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

BOOK II.—CHAPTER IV.

“AT any rate,” continued the Count, “you may remember that, in that country *sound* is called *Bren*. On the other side of the Alps, an owl is called *Sava*. If you had been asked why these two people had chosen these two arrangements of sound to signify these two ideas, you would have been tempted to reply: *because they have thought proper*;—*these things are arbitrary*. You would have been in error, however, for the first of these two words is English, and the second *Sclavonic*—and from Ragusa to Kamschatka, it is possible to signify in the beautiful Russian language, what is signified eight hundred leagues hence, in a dialect purely local. You are not tempted to hold, I trust, that men deliberating on the Thames, the Rhone, the Oby, or the Po, discovered by chance the same sounds to signify the same ideas. The two words præexisted in the two languages which bestowed the two dialects. Do you imagine that the four people received them from an anterior people? I do not believe it: but I will admit it: the conclusion will be, that the two immense families, Teutonic and Sclavonic, did not arbitrarily invent these two words, but received them. Then comes the question regarding these two anterior nations. Whence did they derive them? It must be answered, *that they received them likewise*; and thus we mount up to the origin of things. The lights which are, at this moment, brought in, call to my mind their name. The French formerly carried on a great commerce in wax with the city of *Botzia* in the kingdom of Fez, whence they brought a great number of wax candles, which they named *botzies*. The national genius soon fashioned this word into *bougies*. The English have retained the ancient word *wax-candles*—and the Germans prefer *wachslight*, but you every where see the motive which actuated both. If I had not found the origin of the word *bougie* in the preface of the Hebrew dictionary of Thomassin, would I have been less sure that it had some such etymology? To doubt this, would be to extinguish the torch of analogy, or, in other words, to give up reasoning. Remark, I request you, that this very word *etymology* is a great proof of the prodigious talent of antiquity in finding out or adopting the most perfect words. For, that supposes each word to be *true*, that is to say, it is not the offspring of arbitrary imagination. What we know in this particular, proves much, on account of the induction, which results in other cases. What man is ignorant of proves nothing, except the ignorance of him who enquires. An arbitrary sound never did, never can, express an idea, as thought necessarily præ-exists before words, which are only the physical signs of thought, words in their turn, præ-exist before the explosion of any new language, which receives them al-

ready made, and then modifies them at will.⁽¹⁾ The genius of every language seeks about in every direction what is proper for it. In the French, for instance, *maison* is Celtic—*palais* Latin—*basilique* Greek—*honnir* Teutonic—*rabot* Slavonic. (2) *Almanach* Arabic—*sopha* Hebrew. (3) Whence all this?—it is of little consequence at least for the present: it is sufficient to prove that languages are formed from other languages which they kill for their nourishment, after the examples of carnivorous animals. Let us talk no longer of *chance* or arbitrary signs. *Gallis hæc Philodemus ait.*⁽⁴⁾ By reflecting sufficiently on the first observation I have made, we shall have pretty well advanced in this question: namely, that the formation of words the most perfect, significant, and philosophic, in all the force of the term, invariably belongs to ages of ignorance and simplicity. We must add, to complete this theory, that this *onomaturgical* talent disappeared invariably in proportion as we come down to the epochs of civilization and science. We never cease to regret, in all the writings of the day on this interesting subject, the want of a *philosophic language*—without knowing or even suspecting, that the most philosophic language is that in which there is mingled the least philosophy. There are two little things wanting to philosophy in the creation of words: intelligence that invents them, and power that adopts them. Does it see a new object? It ransacks its dictionary to find an ancient or foreign word—and almost always succeeds badly. The French word *mongolfière*, for example, which is national and *just*, at least in one sense: I prefer it to *aérostat*, which is the scientific term, and signifies nothing: as well might a ship be called an *hydrostat*. See the crowds of words borrowed from the Greek during the last twenty years, in proportion as crime or folly required them: almost all have taken, or formed, a counter sense. That of *Theophilantropy*, for instance, is more foolish than the thing itself—and that is saying much. An English or German scholar might use *Theanthropophily*. You will tell me that this word was invented by wretches in wretched times; but the chemical nomenclature which was certainly the work of very enlightened men, adopts, by a solecism of the lowest classes, *oxigen* instead of *oxigon*. Though no che-

(1.) Without excepting even proper names, which, from their nature, would seem to be invariable. The nation which has been most *ITSELF* in letters, the Greeks have most altered these words in transporting them. Historians will, no doubt, grow impatient—but such is the law. A nation receives nothing without modifying it. Shakspeare is, perhaps, the only proper name that has taken a place in the French language with its national pronunciation.

(2.) *Rabot*, in the Russian language, signifies to work; thus, the most active instrument of masonry was styled, when the word was adopted by the genius of the French tongue, *Le Travailleur*, by excellence.

(3.) *SOPHAN*, to rise; whence *Sophetim*, the *Judges*, (the title of one of the sacred books) *elevated men: those who sat higher than others*. Hence again *Suffetes*, (or *Soffetes*) the two great magistrates of Carthage. An example of identity in the two languages Hebrew and Punic.

(4.) This quotation to be just should be dated. Why could we not say: *non si male nunc et OLIM sic erit?* and why could we not add, profiting by the double meaning of the word OLIM: *non si male nunc et olim sic fuit*.

mist, I have had excellent reasons to believe that the whole of this dictionary will be effaced. But to regard it merely in a philosophical and grammatical point of view, it would be a most unfortunate thing, if the metrical nomenclature had not disputed and borne away for ever, the palm of barbarism. The proud ear of the great age of France, would have rejected it with a painful shuddering. Then genius alone could persuade the French ear; and even Corneille saw himself rejected more than once. But in our days, all the world are judges.

“When a language is formed (as it can be formed) it is given over to great writers who make use of it only to create new words. Is there in the dream of *Athalie*, in the description of Hell in *Télèmaque*, or in the peroration of the funeral discourse of Condé, a single word, which, if taken apart, is not common? If, however, the right to create new expressions belonged to any one, it should belong to great writers, and not to philosophers, who, on this point, are poor adepts. The former use this right with extreme caution, never in their inspired pieces, and only for substantives and adjectives. As to *words*, they never think of producing new ones. In fine, we must reject from our minds the idea of *new languages*, except only in the sense I have explained,—or if you wish that I should use another term of expression, speech is eternal, and every language is as ancient as the people who speak it. It is objected, through want of reflection, that there is no nation who can understand its ancient language: and what matters it, I pray? Does change, which affects not the principle, exclude the identity? He who saw me in my cradle, would he know me to-day? And still I believe I have the right to call myself *the same*. Poverty of languages in their beginning is another supposition made with full philosophical *force and authority*. New words prove nothing, because in proportion as they acquire some, they let others escape. What is certain is, that every people has spoken, and spoken precisely in proportion as it thought, and as well as it thought. For, it is equally foolish to believe, that there can be a sign for a thought that exists not, or that a thought can be without a sign to express itself. The Indian does not say *garde-tems* for instance; it is a word which he has not in his language. But *Tomahack* is not to be found in the French; and one word counts for as much as another. It is very desirable that we could have a profound knowledge of the languages of *savages*. The zeal and indefatigable labor of the missionaries had prepared on this subject an immense work, which would have been infinitely useful to philology, and the history of man. The distinctive fanaticism of the XVIIIth century has swept it from the world.⁽¹⁾ If we had, I do not say monuments, because we cannot have them, but only dictionaries of those languages, I doubt not but that we would find evident remains of an anterior language spoken by an enlightened people. And even though we could not, it would only follow that the degradation has reached such a point as to efface these remains entirely—*Etiam perire ruinæ*. But in whatever condition they are found, these languages, thus

(1.) See an Italian work—curious though badly written—and now extremely rare, intitled *memorie catoliche*, 3 vol. in 12.

ruined, remain as terrible monuments of divine justice : and if they were to be thoroughly known, we would, in all probability, be more alarmed at the words they possess, than those they have lost. Among the savages of New Holland, there is no word to express the idea of God : but there is to express the operation which destroys a child in the mother's womb, to rid her of the pain of nourishing the babe—it is called MI-BRA."

"You have interested me much, Count," said the Chevalier, "by treating to a certain extent, a question picked up, as it were, in our route. But there often escape from you words which give me distractions ; and of which I always promised myself to ask you the reason. You have said, for instance, gliding into another subject, *that the question of the origin of speech is the same as that of the origin of ideas*. I should be curious to hear you reason on this point : for I have often heard of different writings on the origin of ideas, and some of them I have read. But the agitated life I have led during so long a time, and perhaps for want of a good *aplanisseur*, (this word, you see, does not belong to our primitive language) have always prevented me from seeing clearly into it. This problem presents itself to me through a mist which it is impossible for me to dissipate : and I have often been tempted to believe that bad faith and evil understanding play here, as elsewhere, a conspicuous game."

"Your suspicion is perfectly well founded, my dear Chevalier," returned the Count, "and I dare believe that I have reflected enough on the subject, to be enabled to spare you at least some fatigue.(1)

"But, first of all, I would wish to propose to you the motive of decision which should precede all others :—that of authority. Human reason is manifestly convinced of its impotency to guide men. For, few are in a condition to reason well ; and no one can reason upon all things ; so that in general it is good, no matter what may be said, to begin by authority. Weigh, then, the voices on both sides, and you will find against the sensible origin of ideas, Pythagoras, Plato, Cicero, Origen, St. Augustin, Descartes, Cudworth, Lami, Polignac, Pascal, Nicole, Bossuet, Fenelon, Leibnitz, and the illustrious Malebranche, who may sometimes have erred in the way of truth, but never deviated from it. I will not name the champions of the other side—for their names rack my mouth. If I did not know a single word of the question, I would decide, without any other motive, than my taste for good company and my aversion for bad.(2)

(1.) *Naturæ ordo sic se habet, ut quum aliquid discimus, rationem precedat auctoritas*—"The natural order requires, that when we would learn anything, authority must precede reason." St. August. De Mor. Eccles. Cath. cap. II.

(2.) It is the advice of Cicero : *PLEBII videntur appellundi omnes philosophi qui a Platone et Socrates, et al eâ familiâ dissident. (Tusc. quæst.)* "It seems to me that we may well style PLEBEIANS those philosophers who do not belong to the Society of Plato and Socrates and their family.

Extract from "Time's Mission."

A MSS. POEM BY JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

* * * * *

LONG years, but brief in retrospect, have pass'd,
 Bearing full many a spirit-crushing care,
 Ocean since I beheld thy glory last,
 And saw thy brow encrowned with golden haze
 When the high sun look'd down into thy ways
 Of deep—deep wonder and o'erpowering awe.
 Thy life is measur'd not by change or days,
 Thou sleep'st or rollest as when heaven first saw
 Thy cloud-hid arms unroll its delegated law.

Thou everlasting bond 'twixt men and lands,
 Who bear'st abroad the wealth of brightest minds,
 How my rejuvenescent soul expands
 On thy orchestral harmony of winds.
 With thee once more the pensive spirit finds
 Gladness, and sacredness, and peace, and power
 To bind each impulse as strong armour binds !
 This is indeed enjoyment, and the hour,
 Least hop'd, most sigh'd for comes, a most enriching dower.

I now the thorny travel of the mind
 Back to its bosom centre can recall ;
 But can I hope the feelings there to find
 Bright as the snow-flake ere to earth it fall ?
 Alas the memory of the past is gall ;
 And pride, ambition, glory, love and fame
 Are to the heart as tinsel to the pall :
 I've seen them seldom gild but sin and shame,
 Found earth but care and hope a nothingness of name.

But tho' time cannot pleasure's hours restore,
 It hath specifics for the mind's disease,
 In learning wisdom's too neglected lore,
 Feeling how virtue's charms alone can please
 And life pursuing as Religion sees :
 To paint futurity with gospel hand,
 The only anchor truth in time to seize,
 To look above where shines the spirit-land
 And intercourse assert with heaven's angelic band.

This is tranquillity of Heaven bestow'd
 On noblest objects gladdening soul and heart ;
 Making of them a paradise abode
 Beyond the reach of the malignant dart,
 The proud one's frown or folly's syren art.
 Earth hath no tomb for pleasures such as these—
 Time can to them but brighter charms impart ;
 And death will come as gently as the breeze
 That moveth with a breath the leaves from autumn trees.

* * * * *

Tourists some minds, in marble exhumate
 From long sepultur'd centuries, adore ;
 And o'er some ruin's hieroglyphic date
 Heaps extacies of antiquarian lore,
 The more inspir'd when mystified the more ;
 Climbing conjectures on conjectures pil'd ;
 While ocean shakes the adamantine shore.
 Can such things last than fancy far more wild
 While Truth rides every surge, unveil'd and undefil'd.

THE WIDOW.—A FRAGMENT.

—————Oh ! cast not from thee
 Sweet supplication ! In this bitter world,
 Hold to thy heart that only treasure fast,
 Watch—guard it—suffer not a breath to dim
 The bright gem's purity.

It was a cold and bleak evening in the most severe winter. The snow was driven by the furious north wind. Few dared or were willing to venture abroad. It was a night which the poor will not soon forget.

In a most miserable and shattered tenement, somewhat remote from any other habitation, there then resided an aged widow, all alone, and yet *not alone*.

During the day, in her excessive weakness, she had not been able to step beyond her door-stone, or to communicate her wants to any friend. Her last morsel of bread had long been consumed, and none heeded her destruction. She sat at evening, by her small fire, half famished with hunger, from exhaustion unable to sleep, preparing to meet the dreadful fate from which she knew not how she could be spared.

She prayed that morning, "give me this day my daily bread," but the shadow of evening had descended upon her, and her prayer had not been answered.

While such thoughts were passing through her weary mind, she heard her door suddenly open and shut again, and found deposited in her entry by an unknown hand, a basket crowded with all those articles of comfortable food, which had the sweetness of manna to her.

What were her feelings on that night, God only knows ! but they were such as to raise up to him—the great Deliverer and Providence for her ten thousand thanks every day.

Many days elapsed before the widow learnt through what messenger God had sent that timely aid. It was at the impulse of a little child, who on the dismal night, seated at the cheerful fireside of her home, was led to express the generous wish, that the poor widow, whom she had sometimes visited,

could share some of her numerous comforts and cheer. Her parents followed out the benevolent suggestion, and a servant was soon despatched to her mean abode with a plentiful supply.

What a beautiful glimpse at the chain of causes, all fastened at the throne of God. An angel, with noiseless wing, came down, stirred the peaceful breast of a child, and with no pomp or circumstances of the outward miracle, the widow's prayer was answered.

LETTERS TO ADA.—FROM HER BROTHER-IN-LAW.

SECOND SERIES.

“ C'est la tout ce que nous demandons d'eux : nous ne leur disons point : croyez—mais examinez.”
Essai sur L'Indifférence.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FATHER ROWLAND, &C. &C.

LETTER VII.—THE POPE.

THE Ursuline convent is a heap of smouldering ruins! the torch of the incendiary has been applied to the sanctuary, and the guardian angels have fled from the holy place, profaned by the sacrilege of the mob. And there is no alternative; to perish in the flames, or to be driven from a dear and comfortable asylum, upon the cold charity of the world. Oh! justice, whither has thou fled? O! honour, the nation's glory, the people's safeguard, where dost thou slumber? Oh! freedom, the boast of our land! where is thy ægis? why dost thou not cover the heads of the innocent, the unprotected, the helpless, with its protection? Oh! law, thy statutes are burnt up with the abode of virtue! Pity has no tear for them; sympathy exists not for them!—Toleration, liberty of conscience, are no longer the characteristics of a republic! the Jew may worship in his synagogue—and he is entitled to his religious privileges—the shaking Quakers may quiver under the spirit, unharmed and unmolested—the Moravians may be left in peace and security in their houses of education—the infinite variety of sects that swarm, like locusts over our land, grow under the influence of universal toleration—but the Catholic Nuns, ladies who devote their lives to the education of children; who seclude themselves from the turmoil of the world in order that they may apply themselves more entirely and more leisurely to their duties—females delicate, sensitive, accomplished, pious—are not permitted to enjoy the common right—they are misrepresented; insulted;—their ears are assailed by the orgies of obscenity—their solitude is broken upon by the intrusion of strangers—their peace is disturbed by day, and their slumbers are disturbed by night—one of their own *protegees*, betrays them—not “with a kiss;” an association of publishers is formed, to diffuse abroad the calumnies which she invents;—they are pursued from the ashes of Mount Benedict to their hearths at Roxbury;—and, in the face of our common country, and in defiance to our common privileges—they are at length exiled from

the union, were compelled to seek refuge in the dominions of Great Britain—and this is liberty—and independence—and toleration ! O tempora ! O mores !

You are anxiously looking for the authorities from the holy fathers, proving that Peter was at Rome, Ada : and I now send them in compliance with my promise.

If you will turn back to the fourth Letter, you will find an eloquent quotation from the Homilies of St. Chrysostom, which was there adduced in support of relics, which is a splendid answer to all the doubts which men can excite in the minds of the unread with regard to the present topic.

"For myself," breaks forth that sublime father of the Greek Church, "I admire Rome and celebrate it, not for the splendour and abundance of its wealth, not for its magnificent edifices, but for those two columns of the Church which it possesses. Oh, who will give me to embrace the body of Paul ! . . . this body with that of Peter shall be FOR ROME a more secure defence than towers or walls."

Ignatius Martyr, who flourished in the first century thus addressed the Romans ; "I do not command you as Peter and Paul did : they were Apostles of Jesus Christ—I am a mere nothing."

Florentine may object that this passage contains nothing decisive with respect to Peter's having been at Rome, but merely that he instructed them, perhaps by letter. But let her hear one of her own bishops—

"What can be more clear from these words," writes Bishop Pearson, "than that this holy martyr was of opinion that Peter no less than Paul, preached and suffered at Rome?"

Eusebius relates, on the authority of Papias and Clement of Alexandria, that St. Mark wrote his gospel at the request of Peter's HEARERS, IN ROME." Eccles. hist. book 2, chap. 15.

And again, that "Peter makes mention of Mark in his first epistle *written from ROME*, which he figuratively called Babylon."

St. Dionysius, Bishop of Corinth, in his epistles to the Romans asserts, that Peter and Paul preached the gospel in Corinth and Rome, and suffered martyrdom in the latter city."

St. Irenæus says : "Peter and Paul preached Christ at ROME, and laid the foundation of the Church," and again, the greatest and most ancient Church was founded in ROME, by the illustrious apostles Peter and Paul." *Adver. hæres.* book 3. c. 3.

Caius, a priest of the Roman Church, in his book against Proculus affirms, that he "can shew IN ROME the trophies erected to the holy apostles Peter and Paul ; the one on the Vatican, the other on the Ostian way."

Origen writes, that "Peter, after having preached at Pontus, Galatia, Bithynia, &c., went at last TO ROME, where he was crucified." Cited by Eusebius, book 3. chap. 1.

Tertullian speaks, in various parts of his works, of Peter's martyrdom at Rome. The same is recorded by Augustin, Cyril, Basil, Athanasius, Orosius, Lactantius, Theodoric, &c.

What doubt can now be left upon your mind, dear Ada, on this very essen-

tial point ; can Dr. — create any difficulty by *attempting* to subvert the testimony of the ancients. Tell him for me that he loses his time—and places himself in an unenviable position before the tribunal of reason and truth. “Peter was not at Rome,” says an anti-catholic in the nineteenth century. “Peter was crucified at Rome in the reign of Nero,” writes Eusebius—“this is *evidently* proved by the monuments, &c.” a preacher contending against evidence ! a doctor contradicting Usher, Casaubon, Charmier, Blondel, Seldon, Vedal, Hammond, Horne, &c. &c. . . . a liege vassal of the reformation equipped for battle even against Calvin himself ! For HE did not dare deny that Peter was at Rome ; no, Ada, the unanimous testimony of antiquity was against such a denial : the records of history have the fact indelibly engraven upon their pages ; and, after a profound inquiry into the subject, Calvin was led to this avowal : “Propter scriptorum consensum non pugno quia illic mortuus fuerit.” Instit. book 4. chap. 6. n. 15.

Rome, therefore, claims the primacy over all the churches. She, once the mother of the superstitions, the follies, the vices of paganism has become the centre of christian unity ; the metropolis of the christian religion. Where Augustus once swayed the imperial sceptre, Peter’s successor exercises a spiritual authority over the whole world. An authority, however, which does not conflict with the law, and rights of other nations ; an authority which renders more inviolable the obligations which citizens owe to their respective governments ; more sacred the allegiance due to their civic heads. With singular exultation may the catholic exclaim, Ada, in the words of Ovid, who thus sings of pagan Rome :

“Prima urbes inter Dívum domus, aurea Roma,
Romanæ spatium est urbis et orbis idem !”

Yet with more propriety may the catholic exclaim :

“Rome ! thou art first among the cities !—thine
Is the vast empire of the world—”

But, bear in mind, Ada, that empire is of a spiritual character. We bow to no temporal power, as I have often insisted upon, in the pope : we know nothing in him but the chief pastorship of the flock—the representative of Peter—the vicar of Christ—and though he has under his command the Roman dominions, uniting in his person the sovereign and the first bishop of the Church, we are subject to him, only in his latter capacity—and would not, on any account, sacrifice the liberties of our republic for the monarchical power of any foreign Ruler. We receive the maxim of Christ : “my kingdom is not of this world.” In all that relates to the other world, we are subject to that authority which Christ has established. When the Church of England was first formed, did not the king assume the title of head of the church ? Are all who profess the doctrines of that church, in the United States, subject to the temporal jurisdiction of the king ? I leave you to reflect at leisure upon this, Ada.—The night-winds are moaning about my window, and the thick hail rattles through the frozen branches of the leafless trees. *Felice notte ;*

ADIEU.

My Birth-Day.

BY H. J. BOGUE.

*Dum fortuna favet, vultum servatis amici ;
Cum cecidit, turpi vertitis ora fugâ.*

LIGHTLY borne on dewy pinions,
Morning chased the shades of night,
And through all earth's glad dominions,
Shed her beams of orient light.

The tender oziers, softly blending,
Fragrant airs the valley fill ;
And the glorious sun ascending,
Tips with gold each verdant hill.

Some light clouds, but swiftly flying,
Still would shroud his beams awhile ;
But Phœbus, their attempts defying,
Chas'd them with a radiant smile.

"Far—far hence be every sorrow,"
Nature gaily seem'd to say ;
"Let what will arrive to-morrow,
Peace and joy shall reign to day."

Yet ere noon the empire gaining,
Show'd her splendid dazzling form ;
See, the beauteous prospect waning,
Clos'd with a tremendous storm.

Roseate light around me streaming,
Thus life's early morning dawn'd,
Hope, with fancy's colors beaming,
Wav'd before her magic wand.

Wrapt in fairy scenes of pleasure,
Lightly pass'd each cloud of pain,
And I found a boundless treasure
In the gems that deck'd the plain.

But dark clouds around me stealing,
Ere youth's frolic morning past,
Check'd each joy and sportive feeling,
Mark'd the gathering whirlwind's blast.

Soon by tempests black surrounded,
Darker grew th' impending storm,
Till despair my prospect bounded
With his dread gigantic form.

Long ere manhood's noon approaching,
Trac'd my cheek with worldly care,
Cruel griefs, with speed encroaching,
Pal'd the roses blooming there.

Yet away all base complaining,
 Hush'd be each repining sigh;
 Though life's fair orb be swiftly waning
Never shall the spirit die.

DE LA RELIGION.

BY F. LAMENNAIS.

Paris, Pagnerie, 1841.

WE lay down this little volume with tears in our eyes. The author, now a prisoner in St. Pelagie, was once a champion of the Church, a light and ornament of the sanctuary. He resembles, alas! that fallen archangel, who, in his apostrophe to the sun, in the words of the Bard of Paradise, called upon its beams

—————to tell thee from what light I fell
 How glorious once above thine own bright realms
 Till pride, and worse ambition hurled me down!

Throughout this singular essay, on the subject of Religion (how different from that of his "Indifference!") we cannot but perceive, and mourn as we perceive, the splendid style of the unfortunate author. Unfortunate in sooth: lost in a maze of inconsistencies—acknowledging the necessity of Religion—confounding it with mere nature—praising Christianity and the Church, and yet finding fault with both—he resembles a giant wearied with destroying mighty structures, during the day, and, at night, reeling about through the darkness without a ray to guide him, till exhausted and despondent, he throws himself down upon the ruins which he himself has made, and curses the night which others bless for the repose it imparts. In the solitude of his prison, there is a still more profound solitude in his own heart—and yet, his spirit which was one illuminated by the rays of divine truth, and which once held converse with the angels, cannot rest satisfied in darkness—cannot but yearn for companionship with truth, and, in the desperate conflict between despair and heaven, he grasps hold of the former, and, though racked by the monster, as if in spite to the former, anticipates the sufferings of the doomed, rather than yield to the convictions which would restore him to peace and happiness and the hope of the blessed! This is evident from the very first sentence of his *avant-propos*. "Il est bien temps que l'on s'occupe sérieusement de la Religion, car jamais le besoin ne s'en fit plus sentir." It is time that men occupy themselves seriously concerning religion, for never have they felt the want of it more than now. And whilst he acknowledges that Religion is one, immutable, universal, (une immuable, universelle,) he holds that it is progressive, and dependent for its full development, on the extension of human science. Thus identifying the revelations of God which are perfect, and supernatural, with the acquirements and

inventions of the human mind which are subject to error, and merely natural. This idea he carries out through the whole of his essay, and explicitly denies any supernatural order, or any revelation which common reason cannot understand. Hence, he ranks, from this day, among the rationalists of the German school—or rather makes an open profession of Deism.

This, therefore, is the awful abyss into which this once glorious Christian Priest has fallen. Gradual has been his decline to the verge of that abyss, which, when he once attained, like the morning star that fell from heaven, he precipitated himself headlong into the gulph, out of which he sends forth the blasphemy contained in this work. But let him speak for himself, page 161.

“From an erroneous belief in an original fall which vitiated human nature in its very principle, there has sprung up a system equally erroneous of good and evil; of a *supernatural* good lost by sin which the first man has transmitted to his descendents, who, from that time, enemies of God, are all born *children of wrath*: of an evil which could be expiated only by a *supernatural* reparation; whence the incarnation and redemption effected by the man-God; the establishment of a *supernatural* order of grace, the *supernatural* institution of a society whose function it is to distribute that grace by means which are likewise *supernatural*; light bestowed by a teaching *supernaturally* infallible, love by sacraments *supernaturally* efficacious, determining the will without even the initial concurrence of the will, and finally eternal punishments which implying an eternity of evil, imply, of course, infinity, and imply, too, a principle of evil essential or *supernatural* Take away the contradictory idea of a supernatural order, and every thing becomes clear, every thing glows with the evidence of truth,” &c.

Blasphemy more studied and sophisticated than this, has seldom, if ever, been uttered by any of his predecessors in skepticism and error. Here the original prevarication of the human race is denied—and consequently the bible which narrates that fatal truth is rejected. The redemption effected on the cross of calvary by Jesus of Nazareth, both God and man, is set down as an erroneous supposition—and the whole fabric of Christianity, which has stood firm during all the revolutions of ages and human opinions, is again attacked by the infernal machinery of a modern reformist. Vain man! his own armoury can supply us with more than sufficient weapons with which not only to ward off his blows, but likewise to defeat, and overthrow, his feeble efforts. What he once said of Rousseau and Voltaire, when writing under the influence of sound logic and ingenuous truth, may, with ten-fold justice, be affirmed of himself: these puny antagonists of christianity resemble *the frogs which hop about at the foot of the Pyramids in the desert*. The eternal rock on which the Almighty has laid the foundations of his Church has been strewn with the fragments of infidelity and heresy—all of which have crumbled away: and the same terrible arm which “dissipated them,” will, when the hour shall arrive, (unless repentance wrest him from the calamity) grasp this new heresiarch in its fury, and dash him to pieces against that everlasting rock.

But no—most fervently do we trust, most devoutly pray, that his great, his giant mind, may cease to contend with the phantoms which his passions have

conjured up, and repose, at length, in the acknowledgment of his error, and the consolatory hope of forgiveness. Though he has been carried by the rapid torrent down almost to the lowest abyss, where, whirled about by the vortex, he has been reduced to the very point of destruction, still he may be extricated—still might he come forth the same exalted being he was of yore, and shuddering at the horrid excesses from which he has escaped, he may yet, become again, the noblest and sublimest champion and vindicator of christianity and the Church. He will then, and not till then, obtain that peace which he so beautifully apostrophises, in one of his moods of instinctive faith, which will, it would appear, in spite of himself, still linger on his mind: "*Peace to men of good will—yes,*" he exclaims, (page 46) "*peace to men of good will. Peace on earth! nothing on earth being able to trouble the repose of an upright conscience peace on earth, and peace moreover beyond the present, after days of trial in the unchangeable possession, the eternal enjoyment of good to which the will does not cease invariably to aspire!*"

Great, but fallen man! this peace can be found only in the bosom of religion—this peace the world cannot give.

GENUINE PATRIOTISM.

ORATION—DELIVERED ON THE FIFTH OF JULY, 1841, AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

BY THE REVEREND J. VANDERVELDE, S. J.

This excellent oration has come to us, like the grateful visit of an old and highly esteemed friend, now President of the University of St. Louis. The circumstance of his being called upon to deliver the national oration, and the manner in which he has executed his task, evince the liberality of the citizens of St. Louis, and the just appreciation of the reverend gentleman himself—though a Jesuit and a foreigner—of the glorious institutions of American liberty. The tone which pervades this valuable discourse is a palpable refutation of the calumnies which we constantly find repeated by dissenters against the Catholic priesthood. No man, we venture to say, could express sentiments more soundly patriotic and more thoroughly American, than those contained in the address before us. We admire the purity of the style, which—although not a native—the orator uses to perfection: and the dignity of his manner—the blending of philosophy and religion—the learning and earnestness combined which characterize the whole—place this oration among the best of the kind. We extract the following.

Genuine Patriotism, that noble virtue which religion both sanctions and enforces, consists in devoting our time and talents, our wealth and energies to the good of our country;—in exerting ourselves to render her formidable and respected abroad, and tranquil and prosperous at home. We effect the former by defending her rights against foreign enemies, or procuring her solid advantages by useful treaties with other governments; and we secure the latter by a strict

adherence to her laws and institutions, and a faithful compliance with all the civil, social, and moral duties that are prescribed by religion.

Our country has incontestable claims upon every one of her citizens. Whatever profession we may have embraced,—whatever station we may hold in society, we owe ourselves to our country—we are bound to watch over her safety and prosperity—to fly to her aid when she is exposed to danger, and to promote her internal peace and happiness by contributing to establish concord and harmony amongst our fellow citizens.

We would not comply with the object of this noble destiny, if we confined ourselves to the mere performance of civil and political duties. It is not sufficient to be just and punctual in the discharge of the offices and employments to which the free election of the people, or the executive power of the government may appoint us,—nor to defend our laws and institutions, even at the hazard of our lives and fortunes, when the country is threatened with danger. All this is required of us as members of the political body, but though these duties are essential and indispensable, still there are other duties equally essential in the moral order, which we are bound to perform, if we are ambitious of the appellation of loyal citizens and genuine patriots. Under every form of government there exist domestic enemies that foment discord and intestine divisions. The lawless passions and vices of our corrupt nature are incessantly engaged in waging a secret war against the morality of the great social body, and unobservedly undermining the foundations of our free institutions. These we are bound to discountenance and to repress;—against these we must take a decisive stand, because if they be suffered to prevail, they will gladly bring on that wanton desertion from principle,—that total dereliction of duty, which has accelerated and finally effected the subversion of the ancient Republics of Greece and Rome.

It is to the corruption of morals—to the predominance of vice and immorality, that philosophers and historians, who have investigated the causes of political events, attribute the total overthrow of those once famed Republics. Several sages in both countries had foreseen and foretold these fatal events. “You wantonly transgress the laws of morality, (said the eagle eyed Socrates to his vicious countrymen,) as if you were ignorant that these sacred laws more effectually secure the existence and permanence of Republics, than the civil laws to which we have sworn allegiance. Know ye not, (he continues,) that the violation of the laws of morality spreads through the State a destructive poison, that corrodes its vitals; and that a single example of depravity given by an influential citizen, may prove more pernicious to the country than the loss of a battle? No courage is required to respect public decency; and yet, your wanton proneness to commit excesses that remain unpunished by the civil law, is an act of cowardice by which you despise and insult your country.—Still, you presume to appropriate to yourselves a glory in which you have no share. You boast before strangers of belonging to the Republic that has produced a Solon and an Aristides, and of being the descendants of those illustrious heroes who have so often earned the laurels of victory in defence of their country. But, what resemblance can we trace between them and you? Do you wish to know whom I acknowledge as the descendants and fellow-patriots of those illustrious men? They are the loyal and virtuous citizens, whatever may be their rank and condition,—they are those whose indignation falls like the lightning on the licentiousness that destroys the morals of the people,—on that species of violence, injustice and perfidy, which escapes the vigilance of the laws,—on that false probity, false modesty, false friendship, and all other vile impositions, which under the semblance of virtue, seduce men for the purpose of gaining their esteem, and encourage guilt by conniving at the guilty.—When

patriotism connives at vice, it is not a virtue, but an unprincipled weakness that is sullied by the contact of vice.

Were you told, (he resumes,) that a formidable enemy has taken up arms against your country,—that breathing vengeance and threatening desolation, he has crossed the frontier,—that devastating every thing with fire and sword, he is on the point of entering your city, determined to reduce it to a heap of ruins; I am certain that your hearts would swell with indignation, and that you would rush to arms to repel the aggressor. But an enemy, equally, if not more formidable, has already invaded your territories; vice exist in the midst of you,—it revels in your towns and cities,—it has taken possession of your legislative halls and your tribunals of justice, and nothing but the united efforts of the virtuous can check it in its rapid career and save the country from impending ruin."

Thus far the subject is general, and addressed to all denominations of citizens. But in the subjoined passage, the Reverend orator speaks particularly to his Catholic Brethren: and we ask our Protestant readers, whether the spirit it breathes can, in any manner, justify the slanderous prejudices so often dealt out to the credulity of the public, against the children of Loyola, or the Priests of the Catholic Church!

But it is chiefly to you, my brethren of the Catholic Communion, that, before I conclude, I must recommend the practice of this heavenly charity and forbearance. Confound by the loyalty of your conduct in the cause of your country, and by the sincerity of your charity towards the members of all other denominations, the vile calumnies and studied misrepresentations with which the prejudice and bigotry of the factious enemies of your holy Religion, so often assail you, both from their pulpits and through their venal presses. Exulting in the success of their former efforts in endeavoring to impress upon the minds of the ignorant and unreflecting that your Religion is essentially inconsistent with civil liberty and subversive of Republican principles, they have lately renewed their unholy coalitions, and in their anti-social coventicles have again given vent to that vindictive spirit which exerts itself in misrepresenting the religious tenets and aspersing the characters of their fellow Christians, and which has already led to outrages of the most savage cruelty. Prove to them by your fidelity to your God and your country, that none are more worthy the enjoyment of national liberty than they, who towering above all narrow-minded, selfish and earthly views, can practice the sublime precepts of Christ: "*Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you; and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you.*" (Matthew v. 44.) Defend your religious tenets and your civil rights, but defend them in the spirit of your holy Religion,—in the spirit of charity and forbearance.

Your Catholic ancestors were the first who enthroned Liberty on the European Continent,—who formed the Republics of Venice and Genoa, of Switzerland and San Marino, long before the religious persuasions of those who revile and misrepresent your creed had either a name or existence. They were the first who in this Western Hemisphere, framed a Constitution, in this colony of Maryland, by which universal and unqualified toleration was extended to Christians of every denomination, at the time when a legal price was set upon the heads of their anointed Ministers in the neighboring colonies. You are brothers in religion to the generous warriors who, at the side of Washington, fought and bled for the freedom of this country,—to the D'Estaigues and Lafayettes, the Kosciuskos and Pulaskis, and to those noble champions who together with their leaders, De Grasse and Rochambeau, received from Congress, in the name of the nation, the public thanks of the United States, for having

secured the final triumph of American Independence, on the field of Yorktown. Many of you present here are natives of that "green isle of the ocean," which has for near three centuries smarted under the lash of religious bigotry,—the descendants and brothers to those generous Christians whose lofty spirit has for ages been tortured, but never yet been broken or subdued, on the rack of oppression. You have fled to this country to enjoy that Liberty and Independence which are denied you in your native land. Prove then by the loyalty of your conduct, that you know how to appreciate and are worthy to enjoy the blessings that flow from our Constitution, and that you are grateful to God for their enjoyment.

ST. ANSELM OF CANTERBURY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF D. MOHLER.

BY MAXIMILLIAN OERTELL.

ANSELM, following the advice of Lanfranc, remained in Bec. During the day he occupied himself in performing his usual duties, and the greater part of the night in correcting books, which by the neglect of copyists had been written incorrectly. He also, especially, during the night, studied deeply the sciences; for he had an inborn tendency to investigation. His spirit was so much occupied with it, that it was impossible for him, at times, to withdraw himself from the workings of his own thoughts, which kept him awake at night. For two hundred years all researches on the subject of faith had ceased. The dogmas were believed on the authority of the Church and the holy scripture; there not being time, opportunity, or desire, to reflect upon them. But, this desire being excited again in the spirit of Christendom, there was an effort made to revise anew what was neglected during so many years. Anselm excited his disciples by solving questions, which they had believed unanswerable; and they entreated him to write down whatever he had explained to them in his instructions. Thus originated the *MONOLOGION*; in which treatise he endeavours to ascertain, by reason, the existence and properties of God, nay, even the Trinity. This work he sent to Lanfranc in England, to be revised and corrected should any errors be detected in it:—Anselm being too humble to trust to his own understanding. Afterwards he desired to explain more simply what he had written in the *MONOLOGION*, endeavouring to proceed from only one principal sentiment. But in this he found such great difficulties, that he could neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep; and he felt exceedingly troubled at being so much taken upon with this thought, that even in the divine service he could not collect himself to prayer. He then began to believe that it was a temptation of Satan. But the more he was struggling to extricate himself, the deeper he worked himself in. Finally he succeeded in discovering and comprehending the idea, which had caused him so much trouble. With joy he arose from his bed, and impressed the image of his contemplation as on a tablet of wax. This was the origin of his celebrated *PROSTOGION*. Also

the doctrine of inspiration seized on his attention during many nights—especially how the prophets saw the future as present. He, however, left no writings on this subject. Besides the *MONOLOGION* and *PROSTOGION*, he wrote, when Prior, treatises on *Truth*, on *Free-will*, or the *fall of the devil*, or the *origin of bad*, and a treatise entitled “*Grammaticus*,” in which he explained several points concerning dialectics. As Prior he also wrote many ascetical works, meditations and prayers, the fruit of his interior life. Sometimes he takes the highest flights of enthusiasm, rising with jubilation and holy joy to the praise of the Almighty. And again, he expresses the deepest melancholy and the most inward sense of humility at the exceedingly sinful state of the human soul, and the utter importance to please God through ourselves—in any thing. The sanctity and justice of God appear so impressively to his inward soul, that comparing them with his sinful and weak state he seems to struggle with despair. And again, although conscious of guilt, he approaches, full of confidence, the throne of God, because Christ has become our righteousness, satisfaction, and reconciliation; and we have by faith in Jesus admittance to the Father. And thus the sensibility of his own nothing appears sometimes dissolved into that confidential and happy relation to God, which makes us truly conscious, that in the Son of God, we also have become his sons. Here are tears of penance, here is contempt of the world, here is a confirmation of the faithful, and an incentive to follow unto death our crucified Redeemer: and, in fine, an overflowing spirit of desire, to be freed from the manifold miseries of this earthly life, and to be with Christ.

Anselm's meditations and other ascetical works are a proof of his deep knowledge in spiritual things; and of a mind which was enabled to converse with God; to live in God. In these his works, we are never interrupted by unnatural affected expositions, or by expressions of a feeble mind, which is tinged with superstition. And yet, there are many, who, although they have never read a scholastic writer, do not cease to revile these champions of the Catholic creed. It is to be wished, that such persons would be more sincere, and take the trouble to make such preparations that would enable them to judge rightly.

But there are certain judgments, with which, like original sin, all ages, and all individuals are impregnated. The sincere inquirer would also find very soon, that in Anselm's time the Sun of Righteousness did shine very brightly in the Church; and that Christ crucified was always her guide and her glory. Anselm has also composed spiritual songs, which show his poetical talent, but are not of so much value as his writings in prose.

Anselm soon became more famous than Lanfranc. Answering the letter of a friend who remarked this to him, “there are,” he said, “many flowers, which in their colour resemble the rose, but smell not so sweet.” The same friend quoting Persius, who said: “Thy science is nothing, except another knows it,” urged him, to publish quickly whatever he knew in science. To this Anselm replied: “My knowledge is nothing if another knows what I know.”

Anselm's labour increased with his fame. Young people of every rank and country, clerks and knights from Normandy, France, England and Flanders,

poured to Bec, in order to provide for their spiritual wants under the direction of such a man. The spiritual life of Bec advanced very much by the noble emulation of its inmates. And with its spiritual wealth increased also its temporal : for the numerous lords, who had come to Bec, and others who knew the excellent endeavors of the monastery, were zealous in bestowing upon it ample presents.

Anselm was also compelled to keep up a very extended correspondence ; for one desired his friendship, another his counsel. One desired information, one consolation. One asked for information and consolation in a special case, and another for his general conduct. Many asked for books, especially for the holy scriptures. At one time Anselm had to beg for forsaken widows,—then to protect the persecuted, next to apply for the enforcement of rigid justice, and finally, for mild and merciful treatment.

When we consider this correspondence of Anselm at the different periods of his life, we behold an efficacy and activity, which we can hardly comprehend. He had to write to kings ; as for example to Baldwin of Jerusalem, to the kings of England and Scotland ; and to all ranks of citizens. He wrote to the pope, and to the monk, to the queen and to the nun. This is a sign that in the time of Anselm, there was a great desire and capability, to receive the effective influence of great men ; a far extended cultivation of mind, and a high interest for the welfare of the immortal soul among a large number of Christians. All the letters of Anselm have the unction of religion ; for he wrote none without mentioning the name of Jesus, and powerfully admonishing all to believe in him, to live a new and holy life, and to remain faithful unto death. In Anselm's letters is a great variety of sentiments and expressions without tautology. They are all beautifully written, and a pattern of good style. There are four hundred and forty-two letters still extant in four books. Some of which we will quote hereafter.

SAMUEL, THE EXILE OF ERIN.—A FRAGMENT.

BY H. J. BOGUE.

HOME! sweet nurse of the heart!

Where love and lore alternate hours employ,
And snatch from heaven anticipated joy.

HOME is a magic sound ; every true author stamps upon his page an intense feeling of its sacred and affectionate power. The thousand incidents, interests and relationships that spring thence, and wraps our mortal life in all the varieties of peace, or happiness, or misery, have been depicted by the strongest and feeblest pens, with an equal feeling of pleasure, but far different degrees of vigour. To my mind, no circumstances connected with home are more attractive or affective than bringing thither individuals in the various stages of existence, under the various aspects of fortune. I have seen the infant who was born far from the home of its parents, brought thither. I have seen the eage

groups of servants, of brothers and sisters, springing forth from the domestic door, as the sound of the carriage approached, in which the little stranger and its parents were coming. I have heard the exclamations of delight, of loving welcome—seen the earnest looks and gestures of curious joy—the crowding round to gaze on the little, unknown face—the snatching up of the long-desired prize—the hurrying altogether of the happy family into that abode which, henceforth, is the home of all.

Again, I have seen the collegian bounding in from his collegiate absence, all life, and health and pleasure—seen the glad embraces and shaking of hands—heard the cries of surprise at his growth, his change, his improvement.

I have seen, too, the gentle, timid girl, return from her academy under the same circumstances,—seen the former playmate waiting to welcome her—and beheld what a change a little time had made even in those young creatures ;—how the gay familiarity of the days ere they parted, were gone—how they looked at each other, and felt strange,—and evidently wondered in their own minds at the alteration in each other, so grown, so different, so unlike the being of each other's memory, till they became shy and silent.

I have seen the youth coming from abroad, from his first tour perhaps—a boy when he went—now a man, with a lofty, dashing figure, a manly face—a manly voice ; and so grown out of his former self, that it required some time and intercourse to discover, the depths of his heart and nature, the beloved being that he went away. I have seen such a youth come home, not to the joy and triumph of his family—but to die.

I have stood by the graves of the companions of my youth—the cherished collegians of a more mature age, who have dispersed themselves in the world, and have not come back even to die, but have been borne to their native scenes in the bier, that their ashes might mingle with the ashes of their kindred.

Melancholy home reflections are thine ! But they show the mighty power that revives in that sacred spot. The prodigal in his misery—the conjuror in his bed of misery—the young man in a distant country—the sailor on the tempestuous billows, whose fury does not equal his acute pains—the poet in the glorious sunset of his mortal course,—all cry,—

Take me home that I may die ! or, if that may not be, take me home that I may sleep with my fathers !—

Though they should have traversed the world—though they should have sojourned long and contentedly in many nations, so that in other people—other manners—other loves, they may have forgotten for years their domestic hearth ; yet when the last hour comes, the soul arises in its agony, and stretches itself towards the home of its youth, and, in the last gushing passion of love, would fain—fain fly thither, ere it quits the earth for ever.

It was but a few years ago, that I stood by the grave of one of my dearest and most affectionate friends—one whom I considered an honour to rank among my friends. It was in a little, obscure village ; and he had gone and dwelt in the land of all renown—in the lands of present and perpetual beauty : he had walked with the wise, the illustrious of the earth : and not only the multitude, but *they* had looked upon him with wonder and admiration : he had

desired pleasure and reaped it, ay, reaped it to his pain and disquiet;—he had panted for renown, and had won it in its fulness;—he had rejoiced to sail on the wide expanse of waters;—he had sat amid the most magnificent mountains, and gathered up thoughts of everlasting grandeur: all that was lovely in nature and in man he had seen and partaken without scruple, and without measure;—he had even turned in scorn from his natal land, and sworn that his bones should never lie in its bosom;—but death stood before him and his heart melted, and acknowledged its allegiance to the mighty power of nature—to the irresistible force of early ties—and here from all his wanderings, all his speculations, and all his glory, to his little, obscure, and unattractive nook of earth, he was brought! Not a spot of all those distant and beautiful ones could defraud this of its rightful due;—nature was more powerful than time, or space, or passage, or fame;—dust must commingle with its kindred dust.

How many a fond affection lingers round
The fire-side circle, which encloses all
Our dearest ones on earth—those whom we call
Our own amid the busy world's wild bound—
Those who were never cold or faithless found—
Who in our hearts we know will never change—
But love us, think of us where'er we range,
Whose voices have a dear familiar sound,
Whose very looks are home to us? Oh there,
When the tir'd spirit from its vanities
Of life, returns, to them it fondly flies,
Breathes every wish—reposes every care,
And almost thinks its weary wanderings sweet,
Home's blest endearments once again to meet.

As the sun was declining below the western horizon, a ship lay in a calm. It was in February. The sea was uncommonly smooth, imparting hardly sufficient motion to the buoyant ship, to disturb the sails, as they hung listlessly against the masts. Samuel had never, until then, fully realized the oft-repeated comparison of the bosom of the ocean to a mirror: but now the truth of it came home to him; and he felt there was sublimity, even in the calm of the "vast deep." He could not gaze on it without being reminded, by contrast, of the tempests, that at times sweep over it: and thus was its stillness associated with its commotion, its quiet with its power.

But though no breath raised a ripple on its surface, there was a ceaseless, but gentle swell, as if amid the coral beds beneath, some lonely water-spirit slumbered, while the waters above rose and fell with its steady breathing. Occasionally a sorrowing sea-bird would flit by unheeded to her wave-girdled nest, or descending kiss the water, and soar aloft again lost in space. Then would a shining dolphin rush in pursuit of the terrified flying-fish; and anon, glisten in the far-depths, almost shedding light through the waters with the gloss of his silvery sides.

The sun was setting. The whole ocean seemed of liquid gold; and the sky gloomed as if some blazing spirit hovered in the void. The rays of the sun penetrating the water horizontally, looked like gilded cords, so distinct and

brilliant was the reflection. It was a scene to inspire emotions of a lofty character.

Around was the glorious orb of light and life, sinking, as it were, to rest in the wave-washed caverns of the deep: beneath rolled the limitless ocean—fit emblem of the eternity over which all hover; and above, spread the viewless æther, reflecting the deep blue of the wave beneath, unmarred by a single cloud.

At this soft and serene hour, a few of the officers assembled on the fore-castle to contemplate the scene; and recalling the joys of other days, to hold that converse, which, in a small degree, alleviates the privations of a mariner's life. With characteristic versatility, they passed from topic to topic, seldom dwelling long on one, till as the thick shades of gray twilight fell around, their feelings assumed a congenial hue, and grave themes were touched. The fall of night, thick set with stars, was thrown about the expiring dress, and the moon shaking off her watery panoply, rose full and clear, shedding a broad stream of silver light, as far as the eye could reach.

Then it was the remembrance of the past crowded up like odors from a bed of flowers, lulling the feelings to that delicious calmness, which pleasant memories always inspire, and which none feel more sensibly than the tempest-tossed mariner. The father dwelt in tenderness on his distant family;—the brother recalled the unbidden assiduities of a sister's love;—and the son as he leaned against the mast, his features set in the sedativeness of sober reflection, felt his heart softened by the recollection of a mother's care. But few remarks were made. All felt that the silence which reigned above, beneath, and around, should not be disturbed. Each one had retired to the recesses of his own heart,—a sanctuary too sacred to be violated.

Such was the state of feeling, when a clear melodious voice, slowly poured forth the subjoined song:—

HOME—DEAREST HOME.

I.

I cannot forget thee, for every bright scene
Reminds me of joys and of hopes that have been;
Not a breeze murmurs soft, not a bird on the grove
Warbles fondly and gaily his wild note of love,
Not a beam lights my path as I joylessly roam,
That does not remind me of home—dearest home.

II.

That home! 'twas so beauteous, so pure, and so blest,
And the spirit that ruled it was dearest and best.
There are trees that we planted that grew with our love,
There are spots that we haunted in each shady grove.
New friends may surround me, new pleasures may come,
But the heart that loves fondly can have but one home.

III.

Ah, now all is joyless and desolate there,
The hearth-stone is cold, and the rose tree is bare,
The jessamine perished, she trained o'er the door,
And the mock-bird, she cherished, sings sweetly no more,
And strange are the hearts and the footsteps that roam
O'er the Eden deserted,—that once was *my* home.

As the words,

That does not remind me of home—dearest home,

swelled upon the air, a single exclamation of pleasure escaped the hearers, and they again relapsed into silence. Had it been sung by even an ordinary performer, its effect would have been great; but breathed as it was by Samuel, with a fervor and feeling, in a voice, full, manly and touching, it could not but produce a powerful impression. As the vocalist proceeded the circle was augmented. The sturdy seaman seated himself with calm gravity, and by the side of the youthful midshipman, listened with enthralled attention. The man whose locks were whitened, equally with the boy whose features were unmoved by the furrows of time and care, seemed to drink in the words as a healing draught.

Oh! how magical is music at such an hour! It comes to the heart like a flood of sunshine, dispelling its gathered mists, and causing high aspiration to spring into strength and beauty. The whole man is elevated above the narrowness of earth, and he seeks in thought to commune with the intelligence of a higher world.

Thus were the feelings of the listening group, when Samuel at the close of the second stanza, eloquently burst forth with the verse

But the heart that loves fondly can have but one home.

An emotion was visible in all. There was a slight tremor in the performer's voice, showing that he felt the influence of the sentiment, and when he concluded it, his pause was longer than usual, and a deep sigh escaped him.

When he arrived at

And strange are the hearts and the footsteps that roam—

the agitation in those around was merged in attention to the song, but his increased. His face was slightly averted, and the rays of the moon as they fell upon it, and glistened in the tear that rested on his cheek, gave additional effect to the expression almost of agony stamped upon his features. The smothering of grief of years was now loosed, and flowed with unrestrained power over Samuel; the memory of Ireland, his native country, flashed upon his mind.

He continued. As the song drew to a close, his emotions increased, with that of every one who listened. At length as the words

O'er the Eden deserted, that once was my home,

rose on the stilness of the hour, a rush of feeling was evident, which in many showed itself in tears!

The man who, from childhood, had braved the foaming brine, and had stood without fear on the brink of eternity; and he who, an outcast from the society of the virtuous and the good, knew no home; alike with the being of turbid passions and unhallowed deeds, gave a tribute to Samuel, who had so well timed and so finely executed the song.

Oh ! it was good to look on men who had been considered hardened in iniquity, thus throwing open the floodgates of long past affections, that they might once more gladden and purify the soul !

No one spoke. And after a few moments, in which all else was banished by the one dear thought of the far-distant home, Samuel had exchanged for his home upon the deep, each one sought his pillow, I doubt not, a purer and a better man.

OBJECTIONS AGAINST THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF.

Our adversaries seeking, it would appear, in every circumstance connected with the customs of Rome, objections against the Head of our Church, close their eyes upon the precedents which existed in the ancient covenant, and which were regulated by Jehovah himself.

The very title is obnoxious to them—and they accuse him of arrogance in assuming the epithet of *summus Pontifex*—supreme Pontiff. And, nevertheless, this very title was given to the High Priests by Almighty God, as we read in Leviticus, chap. 21, v. 10. *The Lord said unto Moses : the Pontiff, that is the supreme Priest among his brethren, . . . will not uncover his head.* The title is frequently repeated in the book of Maccabees, and in the gospels in the words *summus Sacerdos*—supreme Priest. If then this epithet was permitted in the old law, why not allow it in the New ? Especially as the Pontiff of the latter is much more excellent, and greater, than of the former.

They object to the pomp and splendour of the Pontifical vestments. And yet we know that the Pontiff in the Old Testament, by the peculiar institution of the Almighty, wore purple, hyacinth, golden bells, and other ornaments in his sacred garments—a golden tiara on his head—twelve gems on his breast—and two precious stones set in gold on his shoulders. Why do they not find fault with all this luxury in the Synagogue of the Hebrews, before they lavish their censure on that of the Vatican. David's expression : *I loved the beauty of thy house*, is a much more paltry motto for christians, than the hypocritical cant of Judas : *why all this waste ?*

They object to his wealth and temporal power. But without reason. For it is manifest, that the Jewish Pontiff was much more wealthy—and this by the appointment of Heaven. He received the tenth of the tythes of the Levites : the first fruits, first-born creatures, and offerings of all the people. Surely if the Pope were to receive annually the tythes of all the Christian World, and the tenth of the tythes of all Ecclesiastics and monks ; if he were to receive the first fruits and offerings of all the faithful, he would, perhaps, be somewhat richer than he now is. If, then, God wished the Pontiff of the Old Testament to be thus enriched, why should the Pontiff of the New be envied the little which he possesses.

They object to the authority which he exercises in the Christian Church. Here they resemble the Hebrews who accused Aaron of the same thing. But God declared, by the interposition of his miraculous power, that he wished the

people to be obedient to him. What do we wish? We cannot all be superiors—it is necessary that some one should preside; if he be the Roman Pontiff, why do we molest him? It is in consequence of our blindness and infirmity that we are always carping at something.

They object to his glorying in the succession of Pontiffs in the Roman Church. But this is no fault. For, in the Old Testament, likewise, the succession of High Priests was preserved, and by a special miracle, confirmed by the Almighty. He willed that the succession should be continued in the tribe of Levi, and should not be transferred to other tribes. And to preserve the memory of this in a most solemn manner, he caused the rod of Aaron, and of no other tribe, to sprout forth of a sudden. They who institute a new ministry, not in due succession as recognized by the Church, resemble Jeroboam who appointed Priests not of the tribe and succession of Levi. (See 3 Kings, 12.)

They object to the celibacy of the Catholic Priesthood. Have they examined the discipline of the ancient Jews on this head? Let them read the law concerning Priests when engaged in the functions of the altar, and as the Catholic Priests are daily in the discharge of their most holy functions, let them not be condemned for *perpetually* observing what was, at times prescribed by the Founder of the Ancient Testament. Saint Paul has left an advice which should not be forgotten by the members of the sacred ministry to which he belonged: *I would that you were all like myself.* (1 Cor. 7. v. 7.) *I say unto the unmarried and widows, it is good for them if they thus remain, even as myself.* (verse 8.) And he gives the reason: *He who is without a wife, is solicitous about the things which are of God.*

We request our opponents to consider seriously the fallacious grounds of these objections against the Sovereign Pontiff and other priests of the Catholic church; and to sacrifice prejudice to argument. False impressions are a fatal obstacle to the promotion of Truth; before its dominion can be extended, they must be destroyed: and it is only by impartial and patient investigation, that men will bring themselves to cast off as erroneous and pernicious what they were once taught to cherish as undoubted and salutary. And besides investigation—besides conviction—courage is required to overcome human respect, to triumph over public opinion, and to sacrifice notions which are identified with their education and earliest associations. But there are to be seen—and not very seldom either—examples of such heroic generosity, not only in Europe but likewise in the United States. The Catholic Religion is undoubtedly on the increase—it is gaining ground among the natives of the soil, as well as by the circumstance immigration. The sectarian opposition it has met with, may have aroused, in the first instance, a violent storm of prejudice—but that storm, like the hurricane on the ocean, sweeps, with terrific rapidity, over the deep, and wastes itself away—after which tranquility succeeds:

Comes there not when the storm is o'er
A beauteous bright tranquillity?

A re-action must take place, after the violence of our opponents has been spent—and the Church which has survived all the revolutions of eighteen centuries, will flourish on, and be triumphant over *the gates of Hell.*

Cascada di Niagara.

DEL REV. SANTO SANTELLI.

Bella é natura nella bella Italia,
 Tu amico il sai, tu lo conosci appieno.
 Il Cielo, il suolo, i colli, i monti e l'onde
 Tutto é soave, tutto molle il cuore.
 Qui natura é diversa, é uno bello orrendo
 Che stordisce la mente e il seno agghiaccia
 Di timor, di spavento. Il fiotto immemso
 Rotto fra sasis, spumeggiante corre.
 A salti a salanci, e giunto all'orlo estremo
 Del cubo abisso, con orribil cozzo,
 Precipita, si frange e si dilegua
 In spruzzi sottilissimi, in vapori
 Che coprono di nubi il golfo e il Cielo.
 Lo sguardo si confonde s'atterrisce,
 L'orrecchio divien sordo, e l'anima stessa
 Si perde di stupore e di paura.

Vidi involte furibondo il mare
 Batter lo soglio con fragor tremendo ;
 Vidi i suoi flutti alzarsi fino al cielo
 Esender brontolando negli abissi.
 Vidi pugnar le nubi, e le saette
 Fender le roche vidi interi monti
 Uscir da monti cavernosi e gli astri
 Minacciar tempestosi. Jò tutti vidi
 Guerreggiar gli elementi, e mai commosso
 Mi intesi qual mi sento inquesto istante
 Col l'animo risorge el balanare
 Di cento iridi belle annunciatrici
 Speme graditta che h'immenso fiotto
 Non finerá per ingorjâr la terra.

O tu che stolto rigettar presumi
 L'Esser supremo, qua ti reca e mira
 Quanto grande Ei si mostri in Niagàra.
 Nel fragore dell' onde odi sua voce
 All' occidio final dell universo,
 All' ultima condanno de mortali,
 In questo cubo abisso ove si perda
 Un mare immenso di currenti fiotti
 Mira la stuolo da' mortal che piomba
 Negli antri eterni esi disperde e passa !
 Chi diè principio à un sì terribil fiamme ?
 Quel fonte interminabile, profonda
 Per cento e cento secoli il nutrisce ?
 Chi fà che l'onda, al suó cader, si perda
 E non travolga in L'Oceàn la terra ?
 Gran Dio ! nell' Orbe intero io scorgo
 La tuo mano benefica possente.
 Io ti veggo nel Cielo ove risplende
 Il tuo volto sereno fra le stelle.
 L'orme de' piedi tuoi veggo tra i fiori
 Dé verdi campi ; e la tua man pietosa
 Nel pan che porgi ai figli della terra.
 Nelle oceàn furrente, nelle nubi
 Pregne di fuoco e di saette osservo
 Il giusto sdegno tuo contro il delitto :
 In tutte l'opre tue le veggo e ámiro :
 Ma qui confuso a sì stupenda scena
 Si grande spettacolo, prostrato
 Ti venera t' doro, e negli abissi
 Del tuo poter, de' tuoi misteri eterni
 Come tra questi vortici profondi,
 Lo spirito m'abbandone e si smàrisce

Falls of Niagara.

(TRANSLATION.)

Beauteous is Nature in fair Italy;
 My friend, thou knowest it—and hast felt it well;
 The skies, the soil, the hills, the mountains, streams,
 All are delicious—all enchant the soul.

Nature is different here—a beauty dread
 Bursts on the astounded mind, and fills the breast
 With horrible alarm: the stream immense
 Leaping from crag to crag, until it gains
 The edge of the abyss, down which, headlong
 With mighty noise, it leaps precipitous,
 Breaking and splintering in a thousand vapours
 Which fill with cloud the abyss, and darken heaven.
 The eye is wildered and confounded here,
 The ear is deafened—and the very soul
 Lost in amazement, and o'ercome with dread.

Oft have I seen the ocean's raging waves
 With noise tremendous lash the hoary rocks;
 The billows rising up to heaven, have seen,
 And back descending to their vast abyss:
 Now struggling with the clouds, then thundering down,
 And rending rocks in twain:—all this I've seen—
 This tumult of the elements—unmoved!
 For, well I knew, as on the brightening cloud
 The hope-crowned Isis spread its infinite hues,
 That these tempestuous horrors would subside.

Oh! thou to whom I dare raise up my eyes,
 Eternal God! these mighty Falls proclaim
 How great thou art! I hear thy voice sublime
 Amid the water's roar—that dreadful voice
 Which, at the end of time, shall summon men
 To hear their sentence; which shall doom the bad
 To deeper caverns, and abyss darker,
 Than those where Niagara's waters boil.
 Thou mighty ONE didst bid these fountains rush,
 Their streams exhaustless, boundless, didst supply,
 And from their fury guard the quaking earth.
 Thy powerful and providential hand
 I, everywhere discover—in the heavens
 It shines resplendent 'mongst the peaceful stars;
 I trace it mid the flowers and grass that deck,
 And spread their perfume through, the laughing fields.
 It gives, with tender care, their daily bread
 To all the sons of men, while, midst the cloud
 And storm, it grasps the lightning to inflict
 Dire vengeance on the wicked. Every where—
 In all thy works, I see thee and admire,
 But here, confounded by the sight sublime
 Of this stupendous cataract, I kneel,
 And the abysses of thy power adore,
 And thy eternal mysteries—more profound
 Than those o'er which my spirit shudders here.

HARRY LAYDEN.—A MORAL TALE.

BY CHARLES JAMES CANNON.

PART I.—CHAPTER V.

THAT "error is never dangerous while reason is left free to combat it" is an axiom no less true in love than in politics. Hence it was that Agneta, though every day added something to the intensity of her passion for Redmond, was at all times completely mistress of herself, and ready at any moment to sacrifice *love* upon the altar of *duty*, if he, whose every word and action she scanned with the most scrupulous nicety, should in any way prove unworthy of her affection.

Not so, however, was it with poor Ilzaida. With her reason had ever been subservient to fancy; and now, when she fancied herself a captive to love, reason was made to walk in chains in the train of the conqueror. Nor did her folly end here. She was determined not only to be in love, but that all the world should know she was; and though the true manly modesty of her enslaver prevented his seeing her weakness until it had become matter of public notoriety, the knowledge thereof forced itself upon him at last.

Had the heart of Redmond been free, Ilzaida Colford would have been one of the last in the world on whom he could have bestowed a tender thought; but now, when he compared her with the truly feminine Agneta De Ruyter, by whom his whole heart was engrossed, she became an object of positive dislike; and, though he was too much of a man to treat any woman with rudeness, yet the cold politeness of his manner convinced even her in time that her affection was unrequited, and that which she had mistaken for love gave place in her ill regulated heart to the most inveterate hatred.

Nor was the latter passion as impotent as the former. Knowing how strong the prejudices of her neighbors, particularly of the De Ruyters, was against Catholics, and having actually seen Redmond one Sunday enter their chapel at ——, she was determined through her father, over whom she had obtained a complete ascendancy, to make this knowledge an engine of mischief to the unoffending school-master; and while he was indulging his imagination in schemes of future happiness, a mine was formed beneath his feet that was to destroy his peace for ever.

One evening, Aunt Tiney, who had been uncommonly silent, yet evinced an unwonted degree of restlessness all the time of tea, begged with an appearance of great mystery to speak with her brother a moment alone.

"Herman," she asked, as soon as she had made sure that no one was within hearing, "han't you thought it strange—I'm sure I have a thousand times—that Mr. Redmond so seldom attends our meetings?"

"No, indeed," answered the Major, "I have thought very little about it."

"And han't you remarked that on sartain days—I've often thought it strange myself, though I confess I never could 'ave guessed why—he don't eat no meat?"

"Not I, faith. But what is it you are driving at? Out with it!"

"Then, would you believe it?—but there's no guess work about it, I assure you, for I have the most positive truth of it, or I wouldn't believe it myself—he is really a Catholic!"

"Nonsense!"

"Tis solemn true."

"If so," said the Major, "I can only say I am most sincerely sorry; for unless I greatly mistake, poor Neechy has made a surrender of her heart to him, and not, I confess, without my tacit approbation, for believing that poverty was all that could be laid to his charge, I saw in that no barrier to their union, knowing I had enough of this world's goods for both. But a Catholic! O, I would a thousand times rather see her shrouded in her coffin, than to behold her the mother of a race of papists!"

He returned to the room in which he had left Redmond and Agneta, and addressing the former, said,

"I am a plain man, sir, and wish a plain answer to a plain question. Are you not a Catholic?"

Agneta looked up with painful surprise, while Redmond answered with a smile, "I am, sir; but, unfortunately for myself, a very poor one."

"Was it fair, sir—was it manly," asked the Major, in a voice trembling with passion, "to enter, under a show of false colors, the bosom of a peaceful family for the destruction of its happiness?"

"I do not understand you, sir."

"My meaning, Mr. Redmond, is obvious. Have you not, with that plausible exterior and oily tongue, wormed yourself into my family, for the purpose of entrapping the affections of a silly girl?"

"Major De Ruyter," said Redmond calmly, "you are as unjust to me as forgetful of what is due to yourself. I first entered this house at your own request, without concealing any thing that you, or any one, had a right to know. But, as to my religion—an affair purely between me and my God—though I did not feel myself obliged to proclaim it to all I met, I would have answered upon it then as now. But I have never laid myself out to entrap the affections of any one, and, though I would lay down my life for your daughter, I have never—and I appeal to her for the truth of my assertion—breathed to her one word of affection, or dropped the slightest wish that she should share my wretched fortunes. Major De Ruyter," he continued, and there was a slight tremor in his voice, "to you and your family I have been indebted for many kindnesses—kindnesses that repeated outrages could not obliterate from my memory. For all these, in the sincerity of my heart, I thank you; but it would be folly in me to suppose that one roof could cover us longer. For the few things I must necessarily leave to-night, I will send to-morrow. I will now relieve you of my presence, and, with the most earnest wishes for the welfare of you and yours, I bid you—Farewell!"

Agneta, who had sat, looking tearfully from one to the other, now started to her feet, and turning to her father a countenance beautiful in its ingenuousness, said, "Father, listen to me one moment. Mr. Redmond has told you

truly, that in no way has he ever attempted to gain my affections, and till this hour I never knew the interest I am proud to find I possess in his heart. His religion I have long known, and from a feeling of deep solicitude for his eternal welfare, I have endeavored to make myself acquainted with its principles, that I might more effectually combat the errors with which I had been taught to believe it abounded. But, believe me my dear father, the Catholic religion is not that compound of fraud and bigotry, that it has ever been represented to us to be ; and from the convictions of a heart that has never yet been actuated by an unworthy motive, I here declare myself a firm believer in its truth."

"Agneta, your mind has been perverted by this specious hypocrite," exclaimed her father, "and another admission like that will banish you forever from my heart !"

"O, my father !"

"I repeat it ; and, unless you instantly retract what you have said, I will drive you from my presence this very night !"

This was more than the poor girl could have expected, and the severity of the blow was really stunning, and with an hysteric sob she would have sunk to the floor, if she had not been caught in the arms of Redmond, who, folding her to his heart, exclaimed,

"Death alone shall separate us now !"

Agneta looked up into the face of her lover, and answered this burst of passion and tenderness in the beautiful language of Ruth—"Whither thou goest, I will go, thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God !"

The malignity of Izaida Colford had done its work. The excitement produced by a knowledge of the school master's religion, made the situation of Redmond too unpleasant to be long retained, and in a short time he left the village with Agneta, now his wife, who had literally been turned out of her father's house.

Several years now passed, unchecked by events of any great importance, except that Major De Ruyter died unreconciled to his daughter, leaving the whole of his immense property to his sister ; and that Judge Colford, yielding to the importunities of Izaida, "pulled up stakes" and removed to New-York, for the purpose of entering into trade. But, though few events occurred in that time, certain intimacies were formed, and partialities conceived, that were not without their influence upon the after life of Harry.

Dominie Errington, the minister of Butternut Hollow, had one child, a most beautiful and intelligent boy, that, when about five or six years of age was seized with a fever that had committed great ravages in the surrounding country, and in a few days not a hope was entertained of his recovery. Harry, by order of Aunt Tiney, had been constant in his enquiries concerning the little fellow, but was particularly warned against entering the house. One day, however, not meeting any one at the door, he ventured to disregard this warning, and entered the common sitting room of the family, where he found the Dominie—that cold, stern man, whom he had ever looked up to as one beyond the reach of human feeling,—pacing to and fro with disordered steps, wringing his

hands with every appearance of deep distress, and crying out in the bitterness of his anguish, "Do what thou wilt with me, O Lord, but spare, O spare! my child!"

The heart of Harry was naturally affectionate, but, from his isolated condition, few of its better feelings had ever been called into action. But the agony of the Dominie now strongly excited his sympathy for the father of the son, and this interest upon the restoration of the boy to health, soon warmed into a lasting affection.

His other intimacy was with a lad about his own age, named Tom Caucus; an odd compound of mischief and kind heartedness, a very thorn in the side of every boy who attempted any thing like a display of superiority, but the unfailing champion of the weak and friendless; whose passion for horses was equalled only by his fondness for politics, and who boasted, at the age of eighteen, a more perfect command of his favorite animal, and a more thorough knowledge of the intricacies of party, than any one in the whole country. Upon first acquaintance, Harry rather disliked this youngster, whose rough exterior was by no means attractive; but, like the nut that gave name to his native village, the forbidding outside was a mere cover to what was really excellent, and he soon learned to value Tom at his actual worth.

But the last of the intimacies formed, or rather, of the partialities conceived, by Harry, during the season of adolescence, was one that, though it began in hope and joy, brought with it pain, disappointment and bitterness.

At a short distance from the village in an old and dilapidated cottage, lived the widow Jocelyn, who supported, by her needle, herself and a little granddaughter, the orphan child of her only son, who had died a few months after his marriage with a beautiful girl of the neighborhood, who survived him barely long enough to give birth to the little girl.

Bathsheba Jocelyn was a creature of rare and fairy-like loveliness—playful as the kitten that frolicked on the hearth, but timid as the rabbit that stole into her garden to the injury of her flowers—and hardly more the darling of her grandmother than of every one that knew him; for while her gentleness and docility made her a favorite with the old, her beauty and helplessness ensured her the attention and protection of every boy in the school; and he was a churl indeed that would not divide with little Bushy his store of apples, nuts, or cakes, or that would not risk bespattering himself to help her over the mud. All *liked* the beautiful orphan; but Harry, while a mere boy, loved her with more than boyish ardor, and now, when he had reached the age of manhood, that feeling was by no means diminished.

While receiving the attentions of all as a matter of course, it is not to be supposed that Bathsheba was without her likings and dislikings. So far from that, however, being the case, Hustings Errington had long been distinguished by her fondest partiality, for in one so young it could hardly deserve the name of *love*, although it was not long in assuming that form, and this was effected though unwittingly by Harry himself.

Like most boys in love, Harry, by "stringing blathers up in a rhyme," had fancied himself something of a poet; and wishing others to think so too, hammer-

ed out the following lines, which he enclosed in a Valentine, and sent to Bathsheba.

“ O sweet is the spring time!
 When brooklets, that long
 Have slumbered, awaken
 To light and to song ;
 When blossoms are scattered
 By wing of the breeze,
 And woods ring harmonious
 To wild melodies ?

“ And sweet, too, is summer—
 Her sunshine and showers ;—
 Her green and her azure ;—
 Her fruits and her flowers ;—
 The song of the reaper—
 So heartsome and free ;—
 The herd’s peaceful lowing ;
 And drone of the bee !

“ Than spring with the flowrets
 That garland her brow ;
 Or summer’s ripe beauty,—
 Far sweeter art thou.
 No winter comes near thee—
 For still where thou art
 The sunshine of gladness
 Sheds warmth o’er the heart !

“ As dews to the herbage ;—
 As flowers to the bee ;—
 The sun to the heavens—
 So art thou to me !
 And, O ! with the tendrils
 Of life doth entwine
 The hope thou wilt name thee
 Thine own VALENTINE !

These lines, for the purpose of mystifying the maiden, he had had copied by Hastings, to whom—as the head and heart too of Bathsheba were full of him, and who well knew his writing—they were attributed by her ; and the pleasant consciousness she betrayed upon their meeting thereafter, gave him the first hint of how matters stood with her.

Hastings was proverbially a creature of impulse, and one too, unfortunately, of no very nice honour, and, notwithstanding his knowledge of his friend’s passion for the fair orphan, he was not backward in improving to his own advantage the hint she had so undesignedly given him ; and consequently was not long in coming to an understanding with her. But he warned her not to let Harry know any thing of their secret, as he would, to use his own words, “ Be likely to blow it to the old folks, and that would play the very mischief with them !”

She consented, and thus ensued the concealment of his perfidy ; and while Harry was looking with a longing eye upon the walls that enclosed the garden of Hesperides, Hustings had scaled them, and was now rifling it of its golden fruit.

The father of Hustings—the cold, stern Dominie Errington—had once been a gay and social being ; but the unfortunate issue of an attachment that he had cherished for a near relation, which first turned his thoughts towards the ministry, had left behind it a feeling of moroseness, that his subsequent marriage with a woman whom he did not love, and could not respect, by no means served to remove. He did not love the woman whom, from motives of prudence, he condemned himself to marry ; and the respect which he was willing to grant, the utter imbecility of her character rendered it impossible for him to bestow ; and thus he lived in a state of torpidity that extended its benumbing influence to all that approached him.

But the blood that coldly and sluggishly had crept through his heart, was not yet entirely frozen, when some of the better feelings of his nature were awakened into activity by the birth of a son ; and the love of the father kept pace with the increasing years and loveliness of the child. But Errington had once suffered severely in his affections ; and he now determined to guard against a recurrence of any thing of the kind. For this purpose he concealed with the most jealous care his fondness for his boy ; and the greater its intensity, the more cold and severe did his manner become, until the child was led to look upon his parent with dread ; and this feeling was strengthened by his weak and indulgent mother, who hoped by alienating him entirely from the father, to attach him more firmly to herself. Poor Hustings ! while every day brought with it some lesson, by which the necessity of honouring father and mother, was strongly inculcated, he learned only to hate the one and despise the other. The consequence may easily be inferred.

About two o'clock one morning Harry was awakened out of a delightful dream, in which, as usual, Bathsheba had borne a distinguished part, by some gravel thrown against the windows of his room that overlooked the back entrance of the building ; and upon looking out, he perceived some one standing in the shadow of the house, who, on being spoken to, proved to be Hustings Errington.

"For heaven's sake, Harry," said he in an earnest voice, "let me in !"

"What has happened ?" demanded Harry.

"Let me in," he replied ; "and I will tell you."

"Well !" said Harry eagerly, as he closed the door of his room after Hustings had been admitted.

"O Harry," said he, "I've got into a confounded scrape !"

"How, for pity's sake ?"

"Why, you see there was a frolic down at Burk's, to which I had made up my mind to go ; but having come to the ears of the dominie, he told me positively I should not. But I've cheated him too often, you know, to mind that much ; so, after the old folks were a-bed, I got out of my window upon the roof of the kitchen, and from that to the woodshed, and so to the ground, and

then set off. Well, we had a glorious time of it. I took a fancy to dance with a girl from Stubtown, that Brom De Graw had brought, and not satisfied with dancing, though I saw that had riled the Dutchman, I sat down and entered into a regular flirtation with her. This raised his dander, and he made some impertinent remark about "parsons' sons," intended for my especial hearing, which I returned with a douse in the chops, that made him dance without music. Just then a gang of fellows made a rush at me, and only for Tom Caucus, they would have devoured me in a moment, for I would hardly have made a decent mouthful apiece for them. Tom, however, kept them at bay until some of our own fellows came to my assistance, when there was a general scrimmage, in which, being hard pressed by Brom, I gave him a dig in the ribs with my knife, that instantly eased him of some ounces of his cowardly blood."

"Good heaven!" exclaimed Harry, "I hope you have not murdered him?"

"Not exactly, I believe," returned the other, "though it would have been no great matter if I had. But until the storm it must raise shall have blown over, I shall be obliged to keep out of the way of the governor, for the interference of the old woman will hardly serve to get me out of this scrape, as it has done so often before; and so I have made up my mind to take myself off."

"But where?" demanded Harry.

"To New-York to be sure,—where else? I have an uncle there—a brother of my mother's—who has often begged my father to spare me to him for a time. I will go to him; and once there, I shall be out of harm's way, until the case of Brom is decided. But there is one difficulty; and that you must help me to overcome. I have no money; and if I wait to get some from the old lady, I shall probably be saved the trouble of going. You must lend me—that is if you can—ten or fifteen dollars, and I will write to my mother to repay you as soon as I reach the city."

"Really, Hustings?"—

"See here, Harry," said he interrupting him. "That you have, or might have the money, I know very well; for the old tabby is not stingy, and you are no spendthrift, and I should not give any credit to any excuse you may make about it. So one word for all, will you lend me?"

"I had no thought of refusing you," said Harry gravely, "for though I have not as much as you ask, what I have, you are welcome to. But I would advise you to see your mother, if not your father, before you go; and—"

"Pooh!" said Hustings impatiently. "What should I see her for? If she could not keep me at home at all risks, she would be sure to raise a muss, and bring the old man down upon me, and then I would have to stay. But go I must and will. So shell out; and let me off. But in pity to your squeamishness, you can step over in the morning and let mother know what has become me. God bless her," he added with some show of feeling, "though she has done all in her power to spoil me. I do love the dear soul better than any one in the world."

Harry then gave him what money he had about him, amounting to less than

ten dollars, and Hustings with many expressions of gratitude, and promises of speedy payment—which, by the bye, he never kept—set out under cover of the night for New-York, and though the affair at Burk's was without any serious consequence to any concerned, he never after returned to his native village.

A BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF THE RT. REV. J. B. M. DAVID,

LATE TITULAR BISHOP OF MAURICASTRO, AND COADJUTOR OF THE BISHOP
OF KENTUCKY.

JOHN BAPTIST DAVID, was born in a small town on the river Loire, between the cities of Angers and Nantes, in the year 1761. His parents were respectable, and though not wealthy, had a competence for their decent support and the necessary education of their offspring. Notwithstanding the anarchy which then prevailed in France, and the fearful spread of infidelity and impiety, they retained their faith, and watched over the virtue and religious instruction of their children. Their young son, the subject of this notice, faithfully responded to their pious solicitude, and still more to the grace of God, which was destined to effect his own salvation, and make him the instrument of the spiritual perfection and eternal happiness of so many others. At the tender age of seven years, he gave consoling evidences of piety, and of a vocation to the holy ministry. One of his uncles, a zealous and worthy priest, observed with delight the pious and hopeful dispositions, and resolved to encourage and nurse the opening virtues of his nephew. He assumed his education, and commenced teaching him the French and Latin languages, and also Music, for which his pupil manifested great taste, and uncommon aptness.

He remained with his pious and venerable uncle for several years, and was employed in the studies suitable to his age, and also in *singing* in the choir, and serving the priest at the holy altar.

At the age of fourteen years, he was sent to a neighboring college, conducted by the Oratorians. In that institution, he distinguished himself by his application, observance of discipline, progress in learning, and above all, by his sincere piety. He was respected and loved by his fellow-students, and held the first place in the esteem and affection of the preceptors. He there formed those habits of industry, regularity and system, which he retained with so remarkable, unwavering and edifying a perseverance, through his long and useful life.

Faithful to divine grace, he had cherished a wish and entertained thoughts of consecrating himself to God in the holy ministry, even from the years of childhood. Yet, convinced how important it was to himself and others, to ascertain and prove his vocation to the ministry, he deferred receiving the clerical tonsure, till the commencement of his 18th year, and after he had entered and spent some time in the diocesan seminary of Nantes. In that seminary, he remained and pursued his studies during four years, and took with applause

the degrees of *Bachelor and Master of Arts*. There, too, as well as in the college of the Oratorians, he was justly distinguished by his regular and studious habits, his progress in learning, and his daily increasing piety.

He received the four minor orders in the 20th year of his age, and two years after, having thoroughly considered the duties of the priestly state, and prepared himself by eight days spent in solitude and prayer, he was ordained sub-deacon. The sentiments of deep and sincere devotion, with which he irrevocably consecrated his life to the service of the altar, and the salvation of souls, were highly consoling and edifying to all who were present.

Shortly after being made subdeacon, he was engaged by one of the first gentlemen of the city of Nantes, to superintend the education of two of his sons. He discharged all the duties of private tutor with great ability and scrupulous fidelity, and gained the lasting and grateful esteem of the respectable family in which he was employed. One of his pupils, now an old man, called on the venerable Bishop of Kentucky during his late visit to France, expressly to inquire concerning his former preceptor, Bishop David; and spoke of him in terms of the highest regard and most grateful remembrance.

In the year 1783, he was ordained deacon, and shortly after, having joined the excellent society of the *Sulpicians*, he went to Paris, and remained in the solitude of the seminary of St. Sulpice, at *Issy*, till he received the holy order of priesthood, on the 24th of September, 1785. During his residence in the seminary of St. Sulpice, he was admired for his extensive and exact knowledge, especially of Theology, and still more for his love of retirement and solitude, and for the fervent devotion by which, during two years, he prepared himself for the priesthood.

In the commencement of the year 1786, he was sent by the Superior of St. Sulpice to the seminary in Angers, and there taught Philosophy, Theology, and the Holy Scriptures. His piety, regularity, and ability, as an indefatigable, a clear and forcible teacher, won him the esteem and admiration of the students and conductors of that celebrated institution.

In the close of the year 1790, when the horrors of the French Revolution were desolating France, the Seminary of Angers was closed, or rather seized for a public arsenal, by the plunderers, who bore the name of civil magistrates; and Father DAVID was forced to give up the delightful duty of teaching the future clergy of his country, and to seek safety and concealment in a private family. Thus retired from the fanatical rage of infidelity, he spent his time in study, and in fervently imploring the Almighty to arrest the torrent of evils that was overflowing his beloved country.

In 1792, the Revolution still continuing its devastations, and its persecution of the clergy, Father DAVID, in obedience to the voice of the Superior of St. Sulpice, left his country, his friends and his family, rendered dearer by the terrors that surrounded them, and embarked for the United States. Divine Providence so directed events, that the three men, to whom Kentucky, in a religious point of view, is most indebted, crossed the Atlantic together. The Right Rev. Dr. FLAGET; the venerable proto-priest of the United States, the Very Rev. STEPHEN THEODORE BADIN, and Father DAVID, sailed from

Havre in the same vessel. During the passage, which was long, Father DAVID applied himself with great industry and success to the learning of the English language : with such success, indeed, that very shortly after his arrival, he was sent by Bishop CARROLL to the missions in the lower part of Maryland ; and four months after his landing in the United States, preached his first sermon in English, and was well understood by all who heard him. Notwithstanding the difficulties of a strange language, and those arising from a want of acquaintance with the manners and customs of the people, he served three congregations, with an assiduity and zeal most edifying, and a result most consoling for himself, and happy for those under his care. He well knew, that it is not by transient and desultory preaching, that permanent good is effected ; nor by the splendor of talents, or the studied elegance of language, or the art of declamation, that souls are gained to God ; but by the plain and simple truths of the Gospel, announced with unaffected earnestness, and above all, with patient perseverance. Under this conviction, and urged by a fervent zeal for the salvation of those entrusted to his charge, he commenced (the first, I believe, of the clergy of America) giving *spiritual retreats* in his congregations. These retreats consisted of instructions, prayers, and meditations, continued for eight successive days. So indefatigable was his zeal, that he gave *four* retreats every year to *each* of his congregations : to wit., a retreat for the married men ; one for the married women ; one for the young men and boys, and one for the young women and girls. He was thus able to accommodate his instructions to the age, capacity, state of life, and condition of all. At first, few persons attended these retreats, and it seemed that his pious exertions would have little effect. He persevered, however, considering that the salvation of even one soul, should call forth all the zeal of those who continue upon earth the ministry of the Saviour, whose blood was shed for all. The good example of those who attended the spiritual exercises, had its effect upon others ; and God, who rewards persevering zeal with success in this life, and a crown of glory in the next, drew the tepid by more abundant and powerful graces, and soon the retreats of Father DAVID were numerous attended. Those only, who have attended such exercises, conducted with zeal and judgment, can correctly judge of the happy effects. In each congregation of that truly good and zealous priest, the father of each family called his children and servants to morning and evening prayer ; a pious lesson and subject of meditation were daily read ; all were taught of God, and how to hold converse with him in the closet of their hearts, by mental prayer. Each family, thus watered by the streams of grace, imparted through the holy minister, grew and prospered, blooming with the loveliness, sending forth the sweet odor, and yielding the abundant fruits of virtue in due season, *like the tree planted near the running waters.*

The happy effects of Father DAVID's zeal in his congregations in Maryland, have descended as a precious inheritance to the children, and to the children's children of those who were there under his spiritual direction. Oh ! how rich the harvest for the priest, who thus labors with zeal that never tires, a perseverance that never relents, a wisdom and prudence that heaven is ready to give,

in that portion of the Lord's vineyard which apostolic authority has assigned him ! How rich the harvest of spiritual blessings to the flock, and increasing graces and heavenly consolations for the pastor !

After twelve years spent in the most zealous, unceasing, and successful ministerial labors, Father DAVID was called by Archbishop CARROLL, to give to the then infant College of Georgetown, the support of his talents and learning. He remained in that institution two years, and taught with his usual success, Logic and Philosophy.

In 1806, his services were demanded in the Seminary and College of the Sulpicians in Baltimore ; and he was there assiduously employed, nearly the whole day, in teaching Latin, Rhetoric, Philosophy, and Theology. At the same time, he exercised, as far as his college duties would permit, the holy ministry, the great and lasting spiritual advantage of the many who put themselves under his direction.

In 1810, our venerable Bishop received his appointment from the Holy See to govern the Church of Kentucky. Father DAVID, with tears of zeal, and of the purest Christian friendship, offered to accompany him to Kentucky, and having obtained the consent of his Superiors, he, and Bishop FLAGET, arrived at Louisville on the 4th of June, 1811.

He was then fifty years of age, but his constitution was still robust, and neither mind or body was impaired by years. That his zeal was unabated, we have a consoling proof in his long and successful labors amongst us. The first year after his arrival in Kentucky, was principally spent in missionary labors, in different congregations, as the Bishop directed. Wherever he went, his zeal was exerted in instructing and preparing the children and young persons for their first communion.

In 1812, the Seminary of St. Thomas was commenced, and Father DAVID appointed the Superior. He at the same time had charge of the congregation of St. Thomas, and visited several stations in the vicinity. Bishop FLAGET was generally absent in visiting his then vast diocese, and the burden of forming and carrying on the Seminary, rested principally, nay, almost solely, upon Father DAVID. On Sundays, he was engaged in the confessional, had to preach and say mass, and thus was kept fasting till one o'clock. Each Thursday, he went on the missions, and was engaged the whole forenoon, in the confessional, at the altar, or in the pulpit. The other days of the week were spent in teaching, in giving spiritual instructions to the seminarians, in public and private exercises of piety, and in the perplexing duty of providing for all the wants of an infant and indigent institution. He was pastor of the congregation ; superior and sole teacher and director of the Seminary, and *econome*, to provide for all the necessities of the many who depended upon him. Truly his labors were without intermission ; and his anxieties without alleviation, save that which he drew from communion with his God. Yet, in the midst of these various and unceasing duties, he founded the *Society of Nazareth*, which has since risen to great prosperity, and rendered important services to the public and to religion. There, again, he had to encounter all the difficulties, toils, and anxieties of an infant institution, dependent solely upon him for its creation and

support. Confidence in God, fervent prayer, and ardent zeal, gave him strength and courage, perseverance and success.

In 1818, the Theological students were removed from St. Thomas' to Bardstown, and the year following, Father DAVID received the Episcopal consecration, as *Titular Bishop of Mauricastro, and Coadjutor of the Bishop of Bardstown*. He continued for several years to discharge the parochial duties in the Cathedral of Bardstown, and to preside over the Theological Seminary, and the Society of Nazareth, which latter institution he directed and governed, with wisdom and success, for twenty years.

Shortly after the removal of the Seminary to Bardstown, the evil spirit of jealousy and darkness, commenced an attack upon the holy Catholic Faith, through the instrumentality of a man, whose violent temper, presumptuous ignorance, bold and reckless declamation, well fitted him for the hateful work of sowing discord, and exciting religious (*irreligious*) animosity. NATHAN HALL was a ready and *robust* declaimer, a turbulent spirit, with learning enough to make him think he knew *every thing*, and effrontery enough to make him assert *any thing*, and fluency enough to maintain with specious declamation whatever he asserted. To say, that such a man may have great influence for a time, is no disrespect for the citizens of Bardstown and vicinity. Every voice that cries *abuse, error, sin or desolation*, will attract the public ear, whether religion or politics be the theme. I *sketch* the character of Mr. HALL with naked candor, merely to record, and cause to be appreciated, the noble and meritorious sacrifice, which zeal prompted Father DAVID to make, when he condescended to meet that man in public debate. How completely modest learning, Christian meekness, and close logic, triumphed over boisterous declamation and reckless assertion, the liberal and intelligent of all denominations can testify. Besides the public debates, he delivered several learned discourses in defence of our holy faith, in the Cathedral of Bardstown, and issued two pamphlets, which the logician and divine will ever admire.

In the 73rd year of his age, Father DAVID resigned the Superiorship of the Society of Nazareth, and withdrew in a great measure from the labors of the ministry. In his retirement, he translated a small treatise of *Bellarmin*, on the "Felicity of the Saints," and also, one of *Liguori*, on "Devotion to the Blessed Virgin."

Though very infirm in the latter years of his life, his time was always usefully employed: principally in prayer, meditation, spiritual reading, and preparing himself for death. The recitation of the divine office, and the daily offering of the holy sacrifice, were never omitted; nor were any of his usual exercises of devotion and study interrupted, until he suffered the paralytic stroke, which, after some months of severe suffering, terminated his life upon earth.

During his last illness, his intellect was much impaired, and his mind sometimes wandering in total delirium. Yet, the most of the time, he was intensely alive to his acute sufferings and hopeless state, and was often engaged in communion with God by prayer. He received, with the most edifying sentiments of devotion, the sacrament of Extreme Unction, and the holy Viaticum; and, after lingering for nearly three months, calmly expired on the 12th of June, in

the 51st year of his age, the 56th of his priesthood, and the 22d after his episcopal consecration—without any earthly possessions to bequeath to any one, but full of days and merit before God and man.

I have given a very imperfect sketch of the life of Bishop DAVID, and offered a poor tribute to his memory. To those who knew him, eulogy is unnecessary. His life was truly a model for the imitation of every Christian, and especially of the clergy. Who, that was acquainted with him, did not admire the perfect system and regularity of his life?—his continual industry?—every day, every hour, and even moment of time, being usefully spent;—his ardent zeal for the salvation of souls?—the unceasing vigilance, the *fear and trembling* with which he worked out his own salvation, and *strove to make his election sure*?—his daily meditations, the examen of conscience, the reading of the holy scriptures, never omitted: his entire candor and sincerity?—There never was a man more sincere in all he said and did than Father David. There was no worldliness in him; no cringing, nor seeking after popular favor; no manners assumed, nor language used merely to please a vain world. He was truly the *priest*!—the minister of God!—always and every where the *priest*! Venerable and holy man! We offer prayers for the repose of his soul: but I confidently hope, that for him our supplications are unnecessary: that he is already in heaven, enjoying the reward of his many virtues, and interceding before God for this diocese, which so long enjoyed, and still enjoys, the happy and abundant fruits of his zeal.

Sonnet.—Patriotism.

BY H. J. BOGUE.

LET him not say 'I love my country'—he
 Who ne'er has left it;—but, what time one hears
 The yell of waters ringing in his ears,
 And views around him nought but sky and sea,
 And sea and sky interminable,—then—
 Then comes the longing for soft hills, and dales,
 And trees, and rivulets, and blooming vales,
 And the green twilight of the shady glen,
 And sweet birds welcoming the summer!—Now
 Swells the full feeling of my heart, while slow
 I sail upon the ocean's shudd'ring breast.—
 O Erin—O my country—let me see
 But once, once more, thy cherish'd scenery—
 Then let me lowly in thy bosom rest.

